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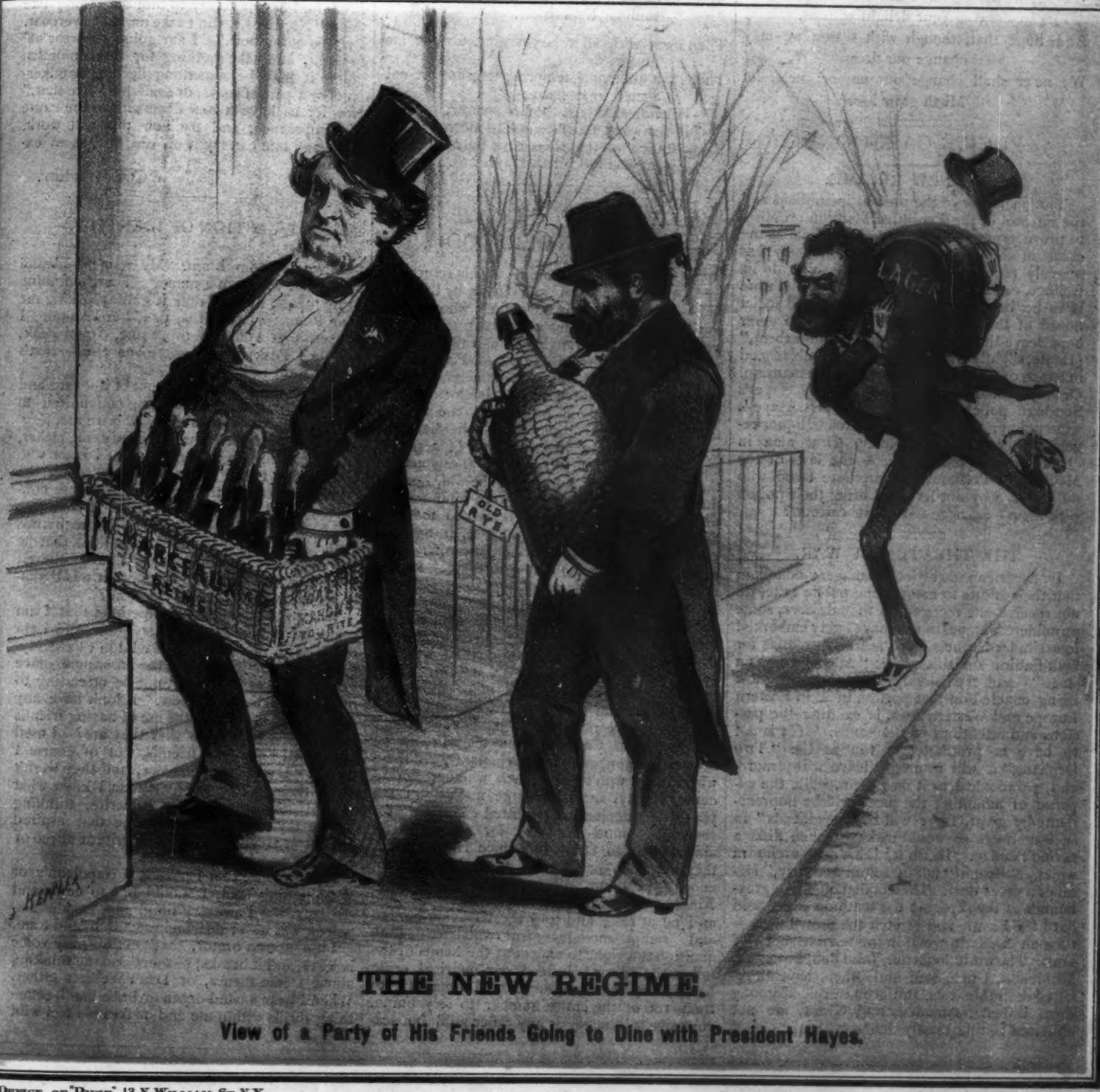
# P U C K

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OFFICE N°13 NORTH WILLIAM STR.



THE NEW REGIME.

View of a Party of His Friends Going to Dine with President Hayes.

"P U C K ",  
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Editor "P U C K ",  
13 North William St., New York.

OUR NEW HEAD DRESS.

Why should not we, who have a passion  
(As well we should) for dear Dame Fashion,  
Obey the laws that she imposes,  
And in this time of leaves and roses  
Assume a garb, of web and form,  
Befitting breezes sweet and warm?  
"Tis thus in mantle glorious  
We come repelling Boreas,  
And ask you to unite with us  
In showing your delight with us.  
And hope that, though with season we may  
change our dress,  
We ne'er shall change our nature; ne'er let  
Mirth grow less.

P U C K ' S CARTOONS.

THE NEW REGIME.

THE character of the present incumbent and the inmates of the Executive Mansion promises to prove as pure and as figuratively white as the color of the House itself. The country has scarcely recovered from the rude shock to its feelings, caused by the announcement that wine is to be banished from the festive and social board of the President. "Let all who enter here leave their taste for liquor behind them," (Dante, slightly altered) ought to be emblazoned in letters of brass over the portals of the mansion. Or stay—some of those who approve of Hayes's Southern policy might object to Mrs. Hayes's wine policy; so if the White House liquor regulations are not absolutely Draconian in character or as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, to propitiate those who do drink, why not let them bring their poison with them—as suggested in our cartoon?

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

IF American theatrical managers complain that their efforts to cater to the public taste, do not receive the recognition they deserve, some prominent Europeans who have lately embarked in a similar business have scarcely grounds for fault-finding on this score: "All the world's a stage"—and the bloody drama that is now being enacted on that portion of it in Eastern Europe and Western Asia, is exciting the passions and attentions of thousands. If it is not to have as protracted a run as the "Two Orphans," it will assuredly leave many more, and, paradoxical as it may seem, while the expense of mounting the piece will be unprecedentedly great, there will be "deadheads" in such numbers as would make Stephen Fiske a raving maniac. Death leads his grim orchestra which, although "full of sound and fury," signifies a great deal. The combatants, like greyhounds in the slips, set the teeth on edge, hold hard the breath and stretch the nostril wide—then all else is drowned in the terrible shock of arms. The world looks on. John Bull, Bismarck, McMahon, Uncle Sam and others have all secured desirable seats, and even ex-rulers, among them Isabella, Amadeus and Grant, are not oblivious to this ghastly dance of death.

ODE TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

CAN it be thou art lamenting, noble Secretary E;  
That the gains of thy great office are too trivial for thee?  
Oh, alas, alas, alas!  
That it e'er should come to pass  
That the trust of this great nation should be valued for its fee.  
  
Can it be that thou dost know not that emoluments of State  
Are beyond all tens and units ever ciphered on a slate?  
Canst thou take an inventory  
Of the fame and of the glory  
That—O most entrancing story—thy official deeds await?  
  
Oh! awake from dreams of dollars, what are dollars but despair?  
Banish greed of earthly greenbacks; what is coin but coined care?  
For above this sordid pile  
Thou canst see thy country smile,  
And the weight of such a blessing should make millions light as air.  
  
Then away with all this yearning for the law and its delays,  
Though a thousand tempting treasures be collected in its maze;  
For no cause hast thou to sorrow,  
If the worst should come to-morrow;  
Know'st thou not that thou canst borrow; friend of Rutherford B. Hayes?

WE WANT TO HAVE THIS THING UNDERSTOOD.

P U C K has been making up his returns of the poems on Spring, sent in by the emotional young rhyme-carvers who make a specialty of that branch of journalism. There were 107 of them, ranging from a thirteen-line sonnet by a mild-eyed disciple of Petrarch up to a column-and-a-half of hexameters, contributed by a converted female book-canvasser. Ninety-nine of these introduced the regular feminine element; three were religious; one tried to ring in an advertisement of a patent corn-salve under the cloak of an apostrophe to the blooming year, and four—the four deepest down in the waste-basket—were humorous in design. Thirty-three poets remarked that the Spring had come, pretty much as it had the year previous, but that She (meaning some other young woman) was not there. Eleven simply stated the facts of the case, giving a fairly accurate report of what was doing in the way of vernal vegetation. One man offered some lines, beginning "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come," and they were so good that we were going to publish them, only that somebody in the office said they sounded familiar to him. He did not allege that they were plagiarized, but we want our verses, just as Caesar wanted his wife, to be above suspicion, and so we reluctantly put them where they won't care much whether Spring comes or stays away. A large majority of the young gentlemen represented Yearned for something, most of them for three dollars apiece; but so far as this office is concerned, they may keep on yearning, if they've got yearn enough in them, till next yearning season. Ninety-two of the sweet singers wanted to die and be at rest; and they received that cordial and prompt encouragement which struggling genius has a right to expect at the hands of the influential editor. Indeed, our metrical critic has offered, with unprecedented liberality, to treat 106 of the entire number to strychnine, corrosive sublimate, or any other mild but sea-

sonable beverage, calculated to cool the fevered pulse of poesy. As to the one-hundred-and-seventh, strychnine wouldn't affect him. He's the man who said that the gentle Spring was awakening the mild-eyed violets.

LETTERS FROM "P U C K ' S" READERS.

A NEW THING IN DRINKS.

Dear Puck:

ISN'T it strange, but nevertheless, undoubted fact that the same man who will seize you by your coat-collar, and insist on your entering a liquor-saloon to take a 15 cent drink, will kick like a California mule if you say you are hungry, and prefer a 5 cent piece of pie. Whilst on this subject, I might say what a paradise this city would be, if men were as generous in everything as in the matter of poisoning each other with liquor. You never hear one of the "good fellows" say to one of the "bang-ups," "Come, Harry, let's go and have a pair of boots," or, "Come, what'll you have, suspenders or neckties; here try a lot of collars, they won't hurt you." Just imagine meeting your old friend Fred, and having to say to him something like this: "No, Fred, I can't take another overcoat, I've too many now." I am going to swear off to-night, and take nothing for three months, unless it may be something light, a handkerchief or a pair of socks, or something like that." Now let us have a new departure in the cause of temperance, and try how this will work. Most any one can try it on me first, as an experiment.

CLEW GARNET.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

Dear Puck:

I wonder who I am. My name is Ammi Peak; but what's in a name? There's nothing in my name, I know, only it's always asking me who I am, or who it is, or if I am Ammi. I am sure that Ammi is my name, Ammi Peak, but am I Peak or am I some one else?—that's what I want to know.

I have pondered and thought it over, and have always reached the same conclusion, to wit: we don't any of us know who we are.

I used to think I was somebody, or, rather, I was certain, in a vague way, that I knew who I was. But I read Pythagoras' treatise on the transmigration of the soul, and became convinced that I was some one else. Pythagoras was a clever writer—that is, if he really was Pythagoras—and I believe had an idea that he was somebody, but he couldn't have believed what he wrote and been sure that it was Pythagoras who wrote it; now, could he?

When I stop and think sometimes that I am some one else, it does seem so queer, and I am thinking all the time, because I don't have anything else to do. I left the insurance office because I thought I might not be attending to my own affairs, you know. I don't have any friends either. What's the use of having friends when you don't know who they are? I used to think I knew my friends, but of course I didn't. I was some one else, and they weren't who I thought they were. I wish I knew what to do! Sometimes I try to write, thinking maybe my soul is the same one that inspired Homer or Goethe, but I can't write at all; so of course my soul isn't that one.

If I was sure that I possessed Napoleon's or Washington's soul, I should like to command an army, but I am very timid and, besides Napoleon was never deacon in a church, and I am.

I am not an orator, that's certain; my voice is weak, and it breaks; so there's no use thinking about Demosthenes, or Dan'l Webster either. When I hear a hand-organ or brass-band, something thrills within me and makes me feel wild

and desperate, and then I think that maybe, possibly, I am Strauss or Beethoven. But then, they composed music and I never can hear music without being discomposed.

There are times when I feel more uncertain about everything than usual, and then I think perhaps I am *Hamlet*, or even his father's ghost, but that's altogether too absurd. No one could ever think of *Hamlet* as secretary of an insurance company, or of a live man as a ghost.

I have read up in history until I have the names of all the famous men the world has ever known at my tongue's end, and I try to put myself in the positions once filled by those men; but it won't work, and so I am compelled to think that I am just a common mortal after all.

I like to eat and sleep and drink, and when I get a good cigar I sit down and have as sociable a time with myself, whoever I am, as possible, and I ask myself: Am I Ammi, or Ammi not Ammi? Am I Ammi or Ammi not? If I am not Ammi, why, who in the world Ammi? You see it's a sort of a conundrum, and I wish some one would be kind enough to solve it. I can't.

AMMI PEAK.

## MRS. HAYES.



How wine her tender spirit riles,  
While water wreathes her face with smiles.

## THE NEW GOSPEL.

OH, young Ah Chung Foo is come out of the East,  
To convert us, when Moody and Sankey have ceased,  
He comes all unarmed, and he comes all alone,  
And save Colonel Olcott, he voucher has none.  
And his smile it is bland, but there float on the air  
Some remarks from a maiden in far Rochester:  
Oh, what shall we do,  
Placid Ah Ching Foo,  
With a fellow like you,  
Coming teaching morality, out of the East?

## WE WOULD NOT BE A MINISTER.

NOVES is preparing for the French mission, which a grateful country has conferred upon him. From early morn till dewy eve he perambulates his bedroom, with a French dictionary in one hand, a copy of Ollendorf in the other, trying to get his tongue round such sentences as, "Avez-vous l'arbre du jardin que j'ai?" "Non, monsieur, nous n'avons pas l'arbre du jardin que vous avez; mais nous avons les bons defeated candidates que vous n'avez pas." "Donnes-moi silver-plate le mustard." "Garcon, bring me a chandelle."

## WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

THE provincial paragraphist who died last year sits cross-legged on a rainbow, cocks his crown of glory on one side of his head, and makes faces at us fellows down below. He is solid with the angels, and he has got a permanent lien on Abraham's bosom. He never said anything about Kate Claxton and the fire-fight; he never asked if Boss Tweed's confession confessed, he never made any jokes on the war in the East—never said that the report that the Russians were marching on Pulldown-yerwestowitch was incredible Erzeroum-or, or that the Czar ought t'Alick the Turk and Muzzl'im. And to think that just sitting in a cold draught for half an hour saved that man from the temptation to which we are still daily exposed!

## Puckerings.

BEN BUTLER is taking a survey of the political situation. He has gone around the corner to do it.

"THE Turkish fleet contains some rams of formidable power."—*Exch.* Yes, but do the Turks know how to ewes them?

THEY levied on the public property of the city of New Orleans some time ago to satisfy a judgment for gas-bills. But this is not the first instance on record of a creditor having a lien against a lamp-post.

ALBANY justice is peculiarly generous in its awards. A man was arraigned there the other day for stealing a chain. The judge made him return it, and then gave him another one instead, with a ball on it.

It would be enough to make any millionaire's head grow bald by anticipation, if he could only look ahead and see how his heirs are bound to fall out after his death.

SOME scandalous details are being brought out in the Roe divorce suit at Newburgh. Hereafter people may be pardoned for doubting the attractiveness of "Love among the Roes-es."

A COLORED artiste is playing *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nobody need be alarmed in case of fire at the theatre where she performs, as there is a negress always handy.

IRON has advanced a quarter of a cent per pound. The man whose physician recommended it to him as a tonic, says he can no longer afford the remedy.

THE Spring signs, "Keep off the Grass," have made their appearance in the parks. PUCK classes them under the head of the "Latest Warn-yous."

THE chiropodists favorite delicacy—carves foot jelly.

ANNA DICKINSON says she will not marry until she attains the highest success. And it is further interesting to know that her prospective husband has just passed safely through the ordeal of cutting his first tooth.

THE Washington *Critic* says: "France's debt is two and a quarter times as big as ours." Now, we know definitely the size of the *Critic's* wash-bill.

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* has this startling head-line: "Wanted, a Million." If you haven't got it about you, a quarter will do—or most anything.

WHEN you hear a mother calling to her son, to "come here and shut the shutter," and hear him respond, "it is shut, mother, and I can't shut it any shutter," do you ever pause to analyze the delicate beauties of our language?

WE read that Mr. John Lick will receive \$525,000 from his father's estate of three millions, but we don't think even that will atone for the sufferings his spirit will undergo, as he reads the thousand twists that will be made with his name before this item of news has stopped traveling around the country. Already we have declined eighty-three paragraphs, varying from "advice to licker up," down to something about being "derelict," and we are just now in the act of destroying an item that reads, "We hope Mr. John Lick will not suck-gum to his feelings on hearing of his good fortune." Can anything be worse than this?

THE NEW DOG LAW.—A four-foot line or forfeit canine.

TILLOTSON has leased Booth's Theatre, and he is Rig'n old Henry V. up for another run.

THE Jardin Mabille is a jolly institution, but Paris has also a Bal Bullier than that.

CAMPTON, Ky., wants lawyers. Take 'em all and call it Scampton.

THE Turks are said to live in Asiatic a-base-ment.

IF the Secretary of the Interior is called Schurz, should not the Secretary of the Treasury be called chest-protector?

TURKISH bonds are low and Turkish capital is constant-inoplace.

THE rumor that the string-band on the People's line of steamers has been engaged for the purpose of roping in passengers with their sweet chords, is a bass violin-suit.

THE latest war dispatches from Europe tell us that "Lights on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles will be put out at night hereafter." And now we shall hear of the Kurdish father of a family saying, "My dear--couldn't pos'bly come homowitz 'ny shooner—nozzin' mazzer, on'y down to see Tonsonowitch—play game billiards—min'jul'p—put out lights—couldn't see to get home—couldn't, my dearshky."

"AN inch of land is what two Portland men are having a lawsuit about."—*Phil. Evening Chronicle*. They take an 'ell of a lot of trouble about it.

PUT away the little coral,  
That our darling used to had;  
Little Johnny will not need it.  
Gone where bones don't grow in shad.

A MUSICAL youth serenaded  
His love, as the ancients in May did.  
But she'd moved on the first,  
And the new tenants cursed  
The young man with a flute—that's what they did.



## TELEPHONOGRAMS.

## LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM 'PUCK'S' SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.

EUROPEAN-HOBOKEN, IN ASIA,  
NEAR PETROPUNLOVSKI,  
*On the Road to Gooonabenderazid,*  
I A. M.

Intense excitement at my arrival. Combatants have suspended hostilities to secure copies of PUCK. Order a Russian edition of half-a-million at once, and a hundred thousand Turkish, immediately, if not sooner.

1:30 A. M.

I don't like the whiskey here, but must drink something. It is bad in both camps. It is evident that neither Power understands the usages of civilized warfare. Send me a few barrels Robinson County—and "hang it up."

1:40 A. M.

Let Henry Clay and Rosa Concha cigars accompany the whiskey. I'm just taking another drink with General Nachimoff.

1:50 A. M.

You'd better let—er—couple of dozen—er—brandy accompany—er—the cigars.

2 A. M.

Let—er—Trinity Church—er—and—er—the—e—e Fif—Fifth A—A—Avenue H—o—o—tel—er—company—er—the br—r r—n

[Here communication suddenly ceased. PUCK fears his correspondent must find difficulty in expressing himself through the telephone, owing to the strange tongues spoken on all sides of him.]

2 P. M.

This seat of war is a devil of place to sleep in. The inhabitants suffer much from pains in the head. You'd better report that a battle and naval engagement have taken place, although I wasn't on the spot to make sketches. The following are the particulars: Abdul-Aswaz Pasha, with a corporal's guard of Bashi-Bazouks, advanced on Moscow, his right wing resting on Harlem Flats and his left on Delaware Water Gap. Two Russian balloon Popoffkas, under the command of Mayor Hall, who mysteriously left London, and the lady with a wart under her left ear, encountered the onslaught of the terrible Turks, and succeeded in routing them with great laughter. All the killed are to be buried in the mud on Tenth avenue, and the *hors-de-combat* have been purchased by the Third Avenue Railroad. The Russians have fallen back on Nijni-Novgorod, and are contemplating a campaign against Sitting Bull.

My account of yesterday's engagement is not confirmed, but I guess it's all right. I'm getting used to the whiskey. (I forgot to mention that one Russian was killed.)

It is now thought that the King of the Cannibal Islands and the Man in the Moon will enter into a defensive and offensive alliance, to prevent the Texas Pacific from getting a subsidy.

I have the highest authority for explaining the true inwardness of the *casus belli*. A Russian exhibitor at the Philadelphia Exhibition called a Turkish waiter in the café "a d—d Irishman." The Turk prodded him with a hookah. In spite of the efforts of Aristarchi Bey, the Czar said he wouldn't stand any sarcasm, nor would he shake hands over the bloody one, until he had taken Constantinople.

## THE RUSSIAN CAMP.

The press is very strongly represented here. One leading American funny man is succumbing to the terribly jawbreaking names, owing chiefly to efforts to pun. His latest paroxysm pinned out as follows: The Russians, to secure Turkey, ought to wait for Thanksgiving, and then take Kars. Austria will then be Hungary, and Poland can say she War-saw from the beginning.

He has just died in agony.

Another desperate engagement has taken place, and everybody and everything have fallen back on a variety of places. The left wing of the right rear of the Turkish vanguard, New Jersey Central, has debouched in echelon, in sections of four, on Tompkins Square, registered their names at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, and turned in. The North Polanders consider this a menace to their freedom, defy any government to find them out, and have demanded a circular note, two *pourparlers* and an unlimited number of protocols. The battle was one not to be forgotten in a hurry. The grand Cham of Tartary, at the head of his two hundred thousand Cossacks of the Don, mounted on bears, succeeded beyond a shadow of a doubt in driving the enemy into the middle of next week. A sharp fusilade of fire-crackers did not prevent the bears having it their own way, and sending Pacific Mail down five per cent. Only one Russian was killed, and if he hadn't been, he'd have died of old age ten minutes afterwards.

Brigham Young has entered into an alliance with the Sultan, and has established his harem in front of Kars on the road leading to Omaha and Key West. The Turkish and Mormon women are already comparing notes. Anna Dickinson has been requested to take charge of all the ladies. Great excitement in consequence.

## VERY LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

The whole population of Turkey has advanced in a very strong column, owing to the passage of the Omnibus-bill at Albany, and have routed the Russians who were under the command of *Vladimir Danicheff* and *Osip*. Sara Jewett was taken prisoner and is to be sold at the slave-market at Constantinople to the highest bidder. There are but a dozen Turks left alive, so they'll have to start the business of government again. But one Russian was killed, and even he is said to have died of joy at the success of the army. The Czar is quite pleased.



## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THERE is quite enough to chronicle this week. *Un embarras de richesses*. The veriest newspaper paddler mustn't complain of want of subjects like the Czar, who goes to war in order to get some of Turkey's.

The war news is puzzling to the initiated, and entirely incomprehensible to the uninitiated. There has been no fighting worth talking about, and the inhabitants of certain cities which have been bombarded by the Turkish fleet, and in which not one stone has been left on another, are very much surprised to learn these startling facts from New York, as they know nothing about it themselves. The Russian motto is *festina lente*; but there will soon be slaughter galore to please the most fastidious.

The millennium has not yet come, but Mr. Wong Chin Foo has, who criticises unfavorably English and American missionaries, the Christian religion, and our glorious Republic itself.

Look not for virtue in any so-called civilized country; the Buddhist is the man who has the exclusive monopoly of this desirable commodity. The lunatic imagines everybody else to be mad, and so we imagined the Chinese to be but half-civilized. All a mistake, the boot is on the other leg; we are really the outer barbarians, and those jolly almond-eyed celestials are the models of refinement, intellect and goodness. When we make a practice of infanticide, wear pig-tails, wash ourselves once a month, use no bad language, we may then, perhaps, be considered their equals, but not till then, or until the truth of the Tweed statement is proven.

Everything regarding this business is in such a glorious state of muddle, that no outsider can tell who "did," and who "didn't," any more than we shall know who "is," and who "isn't," in the Custom-house investigation, by the time they get through. There are only, in the weigher's department, a hundred and seven more men than are wanted. I have often wondered where the work was for them.

Post-offices are not arranged much better, for their roofs fall in, and workmen get flat cheaper and sooner than in any of the up-town apartment-houses.

Talking of flats, I think the Oregon Legislature is pretty fairly furnished in this respect. Every man in the State who wants to drink liquor must pay five dollars for a license, and always show his ticket to the saloon-keeper. Just conceive for a moment the possible complications. Grover may pretend to be a temperance man and borrow Cronin's ticket, and if it has his photograph on it, can reddens his nose when he wants a drink; but the fraud and deceit consequent on the passage of the measure will demoralize the youth of the State.

PAN.

THE papers comment upon the marriage, at a recent seance, of a man to a spirit-bride; but many a bride in the flesh has married a spirituous husband, and nobody has taken the trouble to dwell upon the fact.

THE Tribune says: There is a general disposition to salute the new Whig party with a kick. This "kick the Whig" is a feeble attempt to get up an improvement on "shoot the hat."

## AT SUNSET—A POEM;

WITH SOME PROSAIC REFLECTIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

**T**HE Summer's sun sinks down in royal splendor  
Upon a bed of gold and amethyst;  
The rustling leaves make music soft and tender;  
The day's fair face by sombre night is kissed,  
At which the modest West turns deeply crimson,  
And—(That will wash, but let me stop in time;  
I've ended with that dissyllabic "crimson,"  
And where in thunder shall I find its rhyme?)

The song of birds is hushed, and restful quiet  
Broods over all the land. No more is heard  
The busy hum of Labor's righteous riot,  
Which all the pulses of the day hath stirred.  
(That figure is a trifle stretched, no matter.)  
I love this peaceful hour, (yes, that's true,  
For creditors call rarely after sunset,  
The time at which they'd surely get their  
dew!)

Now rest the lowing kine. (I sometimes wonder  
Why "cows" are never introduced in rhyme.)  
The skies above me and the fresh fields under  
Are full of beauty, and this hallowed time  
Brings sweet repose to quench the day's desires,  
To slake the thirst, (that metaphor, I fear,  
Will rouse a craving for a sherry-cobbler,  
And turn my thoughts from poesy to beer.)

The twilight deepens, and the moon, uprising,  
Sheds beauty over all the slumb'rous scene,  
Her spectral light the trees and fields baptizing  
In radiance soft, as in a silver sheen.

Now stars come forth, like glittering gems be-decking  
The sombre mantle which Night 'round her flings—

(It strikes me that the people up in Saturn,  
Must have good cause to grumble over rings!)

So calm, so comforting the scene around me,  
Why is my soul with tortuous thought op-pressed?

Has Memory, the fiend, forever bound me,  
And may I feel no more the angel Rest?  
Another night like this, in years forgotten,  
I stood up gazing at the skies—ah, then  
The golden dream of Love turned earth to heaven,  
And rosy Hope (well, there, I'm stuck again!)

No more I feel the charm of gracious Summer,  
For love, once false, my very soul hath smitten—

(She left me for a Boston dry-goods drummer,  
Who gave her gloves, as she gave me the mitten.)

That she should barter love for gold and silver!  
So beautiful, yet with a heart of stone—  
(The fellow who can find a rhyme for "silver"  
May end these lines, and claim 'em as his own.)

MARC E. COOK.

## PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

**A**DAM, the inventor of sin, died before the war. He left a large family.  
Onions are good for a bad breath. Two fresh onions, eaten just before going to an evening sociable, are sufficient.

Dangling from Anna Dickinson's chatelaine belt are the scalps of half-a-dozen critics.

George Washington never umpired a game of base-ball, never sat on store-boxes discussing the Louisiana question, and his education was deficient in other respects.

Toad-stools are not made by toads, and there is room for improvement in mushrooms.

Very few people eat salt on ice-cream. The cream spoils the salt.

President Hayes never retires later than 3 A. M., as a general thing.

By a curious coincidence, the distance from New York to Boston is just the same as from Boston to New York—if you go both ways by rail.

Mr. Tweed, of whom some of our readers may have heard, says, "Eternal confession is the price of liberty."

When you strike a match, and it sputters and goes out, always put it back in the safe. The next fellow that gets hold of it will feel good, and swear.

Oakey Hall's favorite songs are: "Do they Miss me at Home?" "Over There."

The hog-harvest in Chicago has closed. The crop is said to have "rooted" well.

The easiest way to dig garden is to sit in the shade and watch a hired-man doing the work for seventy-five cents a day.

Packard of New Orleans is the happiest man in Louisiana. You wouldn't think so, though, to hear him talk.

Dr. Mary Walker says, if she were a woman, she would split her pants in half and make herself two eelskin-fitting dresses, such as are now worn by the softer sex.

The Sun's readers are patiently waiting for Dana to allude to Hayes as the "Fraudulent President."

It is unhealthy to eat R's in a month that doesn't contain an oyster—or some how that way.

We are told that the days are growing longer. This is important, if true.

Vinegar, mustard and oil make a good dressing; but it's just as well to stick to flannels, until the summer sets in.

Unripe fruit may be eaten with impunity by patients in the last stages of hydrophobia.

Great interest is felt in the movements of the ground-hog. He prophesies for this summer considerable mixed weather. There will probably be some rain, except during the dry spells.

Spring trousers will be worn this season cut bias, with tulle or illusion ruches down the front, and cretonne gorings up the back box-pleat; two or more flounces in front, and a barège demi-train over the left corner.

The Coaching Club expects to turn out a large number of equipages this season. Colonel Kane has started out first to keep Tally ho-way many are coming.

Stewed Spitz cats and kittens are served with kerosene sauce.

The Fijians bake their aged parents alive, and when a young Fijian comes home tight after supping off an enemy who has died from jimmams, the old man isn't on hand next morning to bounce him over his buckwheat cakes.

Now is the time to put your holy winter socks in the rag-bag, to use your thick tattered undershirts as dusters, and buy gauze ones.

Toe-nails are cut bias; corns are often cut by asses.

A postage-stamp over the eyebrow is considered, according to Stanley, full-dress at Ujiji.

Red blankets trimmed with grasshoppers' tongues are adored by boa-constrictors.

Victoria is Queen of England.

La(r)ger Beer can be bought at five cents a glass. We don't know the price of smaller beer.

Secretary Evarts has a strawberry mark on the O. P. side of his elbow.

Plucky Jimmy, the eminent cracksmen, is at the Tombs Hotel.

If the baby cries at night, have its cot near, give it a chew of tobacco; that is a n'ar-cotic.

Alexis and Admiral Boutakoff drink nothing but train oil for breakfast.

Mr. Hayes drinks cold water.

Mustard plasters are very good for intestinal derangements, and if taken with lemon-juice, the taste is completely disguised.

## FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

## VII.

## SPRING AND THE "TALLY HO."

Some of the fellaws say that I'm becoming regular Amewicanized. I don't see it myself, but a fellow can never see himself so well as another fellow can see him. Besides I wather think it's a mistake to say I look or act like an Amewican. The fellaws who make such wemarks want me, I suppose, to say they look like Englishmen, and I can't find any wesembance, so I wefwain fwom weturning such vewy twanspawent compliments. I am not such a widiculous fool as I look. Amewica is quite an enduwable countwy after all, and I begin to like it a twife, although there are so many devilish queer things in this wepublic.

Eveybody is talking about Spwing, which has just put in an appearance, and I hear a gweat deal about summer-wesorts and wetweats, places people go to when it's vewy warm.

There is a four-in-hand club here, and some tolerably decent and appawently wespectable fellaws with fair turnouts and cattle. They must be fellaws who have twaveled, because if they hadn't been to London, they couldn't have dweamt of having such jolly things as four-in-hands. One fellow dwives a coach eveydy day to a place called New Wochelle, just as my Uncle Waglan used to tool his Gweys to Brighton. (I mean Brighton in Gweat Bwtain, in case there might be a Brighton here.)

Some fwends asked me to take the twip with them, and the dwiver, a fellow named Kane, I believe he is a colonel, although I don't know in what wegiment of the Amewican twoops, whether cavalwy, infantwy or artillewy. Evey other fellow is a militawy fellow; I mean officers, of course; I don't think there are any pwivates. Jack Carnegie refused to go, and said he thought it wather a piece of snobberwy for Amewican fellaws to dwive English stage-coaches in Amewica; and to twy to be like English fellaws, was tomfoolerwy. I don't agwee with Jack, for no fellow ever twied to look like me, and if he did, it would be doosid gwatifying; for some fellow used to say, "flatterwy was the sincerwest imitation." There was a cwowd at an inn called the "Bwunswick," and seven tolerably pwetty looking women, and four or five wather wespectably dwessed fellaws, for Amewicans, and our party. This Kane, the dwiver, is not a bad whip, and we dwove up Fifth avenue in quite decent style, then throught Centwal Park to Pelham and New Wochelle, where I had some "stout-and-bitter," and other wefwehments. I felt wather bawed before we weturned. I'm afraid I wasn't vewy bwilliant in conversation. Perhaps Jack is not wong about this coaching in Amewica. A good deal of the countwy looks like weMOTE lanes in Wawickshire, with vewy few twees, and vewy many wocks and stones, and a gweat number of the wesidences on the woad wesemble bwoken-down stables. I was obliged to gwin at a fellow who hadn't any Amewican silver to tip the dwiver and guard (the corwect thing to do), and gave them waggid pieces of paper which I am told used to be called "fwactical curwency." I wish fellaws wouldn't keep asking a fellow if he doesn't pwefer Amewica to Gweat Bwtain—it's a baw.

CRUEL treatment of the aged. Dr. Holmes has written a poem on his grandmother's mother.



## "NOVEL" DEFINITIONS.

**P**LAYING the Mischief"—Boss Tweed's confession.  
 "Poor Humanity"—Tramps.  
 "A Son of the Soil"—Henry Clay Dean.  
 "A Terrible Temptation"—The position of bank cashier,  
 "The New Timothy"—This season's crop.  
 "A Brave Lady"—Kate Claxton.  
 "Hard Times"—The Present.  
 "The Race for Wealth"—The human race.  
 "Tales of Woman's Trials"—Anna Dickinson's open letters to the public.  
 "Played Out"—Carpet-baggism in the South.  
 "Not Dead Yet"—The newspaper bore—and more's the pity.  
 "A Good Investment"—Getting your life insured—that is, good for the insurance company.  
 "The Unloved One"—Dr. Mary Walker.  
 "A Long Time Ago"—The year 501. But the year 401 was a longer time ago.  
 "Quite Alone"—Garrison, Wade and Phillips in their crusade against the President.  
 "Which Will She Choose?"—The one who has the most money, of course.  
 "What is to be Done?"—Make an assignment, and pay seven cents on the dollar.  
 "Wrecked in Port"—Lots of fellows; but not as many as are wrecked in whiskey.  
 "The White Slave"—The woman who supports four children and a drunken husband by going out washing.  
 "The Way we Live Now"—Pretty much as we have always lived—by eating, drinking and sleeping, interspersed with ten hours' work per day.  
 "A Simpleton"—The man who comes home at 2 A. M., and attempts to hoodwink his wife into the belief that he was waiting (*hic*) up for war news.  
 "Great Expectations"—The expectations of those who hope to revive the old Whig party.  
 "Which is the Heroine?"—The one that rejected the rich but dissipated young man and married the honest and sober mechanic.  
 "A Quiet Heart"—Not Josh Hart, by any manner of means.  
 "Why Did he Not Die?"—Because he refused to swallow the medicine prescribed by his physician.  
 "A Woman Hater"—Ex-Governor Tilden, at least it looks that way.  
 "Playing for Highest Stakes"—May-day movers.  
 "The Wandering Heir"—The one in the butter.  
 "Ralph Wilton's Weird"—Who cares if he is?  
 "Foul Play"—Cock-fighting.  
 "A Hero and a Martyr"—Sergeant Bates.  
 "Strangers and Pilgrims"—Rural visitors.  
 "Only a Fiddler"—Ole Bull.  
 "Sylvia's Lovers"—Who denigrates of it, Sylvia?  
 "What Will He Do With It?"—Give it up.  
 "Guy Livingston"—Wouldn't be proper. We'd much rather guy Stanley.  
 "The Toilers of the C"—All the tenors who are trying to cultivate the *ut de poitrine*.  
 "All in the Dark"—A sequel to "Pull down the Blind."  
 "Kissing the Rod"—Perfectly incomprehensible amusement to any one who has tried the feminine article.  
 "Caste"—Euphemistic for "bounced."  
 "Love or Marriage?"—Love, by all means.  
 "Only Herself"—Well, whose self did she want to be?  
 "So Runs the World Away"—If it took its dramatic critic with it, we wouldn't mind.  
 "Kilmeny"—Advice to our troops in the Indian country.  
 "In Duty Bound"—Bonded warehouse goods.  
 "From Thistles—Grapes?"—Oh, no, certainly not—Watermelons.

"The Monarch of Mincing-Lane"—The boss landlady in a block of hash-houses.

"A Life's Ass-ize"—By the author of "Death's Dogs-ears."

"Can You Forgive Her?"—Just let her come and find out for herself."

"A Passion in Tatters"—There was; that time he went for the seat of the British soldier's breeches.

"To the Bitter End"—The way we smoke when we are short of cigars.

"Godolphin"—Certainly. But stay, shad.

"Innocent"—That last clerical exponent of true inwardness.

"A Woman's Vengeance"—A discourse on the Masonic fraternity, delivered immediately upon her husband's return from the lodge.

"Fair to See"—The one where they put more than two oysters and a spoonful of shell in the fifty-cent stew.

"One—Not Wooed"—Susan B. Anthony.

"Bread and Cheese and Kisses"—If you're seeking after novel effects of combination in that line, just try "Onions and Osculation" for a change.

"He Knew He Was Right"—And She Guess-ed She Was Left.

"The Eustace Diamonds"—Paste.

base his claims for patronage upon his consistency as a communicant.

Not only has the altar been made useful as the advertising medium of the sartorial artist, but he has utilized the tomb as well. This time his name is Pierre Couloche; and over the grave of his wife in a cemetery near Amiens, in France, he has inscribed a touching legend, of which the following is a translation:

"Sacred to the memory of Marie Antoinette Vidal-Couloche née Locque, beloved wife of me, Pierre Couloche, tailor, of No. 39, Rue Victoire, Amiens, where, alone and disconsolate I remain to conduct affairs until such time as I shall be called to join her in heaven."

This naturally recalls the queer inscription upon a tombstone in the burial-ground attached to an old Jesuit mission church on Lake Superior:

"This stone was erected to the memory of Barge Callan, who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives."

And I have often wondered whether the surviving relatives were not at some time interested in a country grocery hard by, and whether their mark of esteem for Barge was not really an advertising bid for sympathy for themselves.

An odd but very successful advertising stratagem was that resorted to by a celebrated hatter of New York, who bought the best seat at Jenny Lind's first concert at Castle Garden, paying for it the largest sum ever paid for a similar luxury. When the Swedish Nightingale made her first appearance in New Orleans, the best seat was secured by another hatter. These two investments, duly chronicled by the press, made the enterprising hatters the most notable in the country, and their subsequent profit therefrom was exceedingly great.

But hatters have from time immemorial been literally go-ahead people, as of right they should be. Their handiwork covers the intellectual machinery of the community, and crowns man's better part. It is hard to hoodwink the hatter, and as to "catching him bareheaded," or "snatching him baldheaded," as they say in the army, or finding him "with a bee in his bonnet," or "as crooked as Dick's hat-band," or "capsized," or "with his beaver down," when a shrewd stroke of business is to be attempted—why, that is simply impossible.

GATH BRITTLE.

We find the following in an exchange: "The close-fitting costumes are neither graceful nor becoming."—Godey's for May. Is he? Well, we're sorry if May doesn't find the "close-fitting costumes" becoming; but we don't think Mr. Godey's personal predilection for any young woman ought to affect the general question of fashionable propriety.

THE festive crotchet had a bad shaking up on the first. It must have felt strange to him, when he slipped out of his crevice in the stillly midnight, to come across the dainty French-kid boots of Alphonse de Montmorency in the corner where John Smith's old familiar slumbers used to stand.

SPRING is generally hailed with delight, as the season sacred to lamb and mint-sauce. But it has its asparagers.

A WASHINGTON paper says: "Raising car-windows too early in the season produces many colds." Farmers will please take notice, and confine their energies, for the present, to turnips and cabbages. Car-windows may wait for warmer weather.

"To the High Well-Born Gentlemen—Englanders and Americans—Here you become Asses."

This was the livery man's translation of his German sign—"Hier bekommt man Esel."

Sometimes even the clergy startle us with an advertisement. On the day of the accident to the ferry-boats Hamilton and Union, November 14, 1868, the Free-Methodists called upon sinners, through the Brooklyn Eagle, in these words:

"If you desire to get your souls saved, now is the time. Earthquakes, ferry-accidents, &c., abound."

Sometimes a tradesman "feels to acknowledge" the faith that is in him, and by throwing a dash of piety into his communication secures comforting recognition; as in the case of the London tailor, "a consistent communicant," who recently advertised, "garments cut not only to fit, and in the best style, but regulating any disproportions that may exist, and enhancing the correct contour of the proportionate."

It would be no easy matter to hide the light of a busheller who can thus, even indirectly,

## LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

Third order.—CHILOPTERA.

THE BAT. (*Vespertilio*.)

Nobody likes a bat. He isn't sociable a bit. He frightens pretty girls in the country by climbing in their back hair, and anybody who would do such an ungentlemanly thing as that ought to be ashamed of himself. For a long while, naturalists didn't know whether to call a bat a bird or a beast; but the bat didn't mind it a bit, but kept on flying by night just the same. It was finally decided to call him a beast. And that's what he ought to be called. The bat has a great liking for darkness. He must have a guilty conscience, because he can't bear to let anybody look at him in the light. Some people think it would make him blush; but we don't believe that he knows how to blush.

He has a keen sense of smell; and no doubt, if he could only be interviewed, we should find that he could smell out the movements of the Turks, before the cablegrams tell us the news.

He has splendid eyes, too, and a near-sighted bat is a curiosity. He is never knock-kneed, or spavined either, for that matter, although there is such a thing as a horse-shoe bat, who derives his name from the fact that he never wears horse-shoes. In cold weather the bat wraps himself up in his overcoat and hangs himself up on a hook for the winter months, and saves all the expense of food, drinks and cigars for the balance of the year. It is very economical to be a bat.

THE VAMPIRE. (*Vespertilio, Vampyr*.)

The Vampire or flying dog is the worst kind of a bat that was ever invented. He is so much more terrible than a bat, that he ought to be called a batter. He can go the ordinary bat ten batter every time. Oh, he is a frightful thing, and sucks blood for a living. Just think of it. He goes to people when they are asleep, and the worst of it is, insect-powder won't exterminate him like some other things that live on blood. Boucicault's "Vampire" is the most celebrated of all.



The two-legged Vampire lives in Chatham street, and is often called "uncle." But we wouldn't own such a relative.

Fourth order.—CARNIVORA.

These have four feet, with loose toes, without corns or bunions.

THE BEAR. (*Ursus*.)

The bear is a very affectionate animal, and is very fond of hugging. He isn't pretty, but he is good. He is never ferocious, unless you insult him. But he hates to be fooled with. We are surprised even that the bear isn't always mad. We should be, if our name was punned on every day like the bear's. Not a week passes without hearing some very funny man, who isn't funny at all, telling you that he can't bear a bear; or, his bear hasn't got any clothes on, because he is bare, and all that sort of thing; and that's enough to make any bear mad.

When the bear gets old and white, he is taken to the North Pole on expedition and is employed to eat up old sailors.

He is then known as the

POLAR BEAR. (*Ursus Maritimus*.)

He lives only on cold victuals and ice-cream, and can't stand warm weather, for which reason he has a decided objection to menageries and zoological gardens. As soon as the mercury rises above zero, the ice melts, and then we get



THE BROWN BEAR OF EUROPE,

who knows how to dance, and would prove very valuable at balls and parties where there are

wall-flowers. The black American bear is more in our line, and his face differs from his foreign cousin by having a peculiar narrow Yankee outline.

The bear lives on all sorts of things, and is not much of an epicure, but he has a weakness for honey; we really think a bear would go without a shave or a clean paper-collar (though as a rule he is a very tidy animal), if he could snatch a mouthful of honey anywhere in the neighborhood. He fights the bees wherever he meets them, and climbs trees if he can't find their sweets any lower down. You wouldn't think a bear could climb a tree, but he can, and if you ever want to ask any conundrums that call for the answer, "because neither can climb a tree," always bring in the elephant, but don't say anything about a bear.

The bear that we are most familiar with abounds in Wall street, and speculates in stocks. He is a very restless animal, and always fighting with another kind of animal. (See *Bull*.)

The bear's skin is very valuable, and is worn as clothing in Russia; but dealers in bear-skins should never sell the skins before they have killed the bear. This rule is very important.

A man is often said to be cross as a bear—though we think that is a libel on the bear; but it's his wife who generally uses the expression, and she never stops to find out whether a bear is really cross or not, but takes it as a matter of cross.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND has declared her purpose to stand neutral in the contest between Russia and Turkey. If she can't stand more than that, it's the cheapest treat on record.

An exchange tells us that "Maude Granger's 'perfect arm' is displayed in 60 different photographs." We infer from this that Miss Granger conceals an imperfect one.

## GARDEN FANCIES.

 LD Bacon drives me wild to-day—  
Confound his writing;  
I'll cast these dusty tomes away,  
And give my heart diviner sway—  
And more exciting.

A breath of roses fills the air—  
You may believe me;  
And I am free to own, I share,  
This world-wide joy-er er—I swear  
My eyes deceive me:

My Mary, like a dream of grace,  
So azure-airy,  
Stands in the garden, bends her face  
Among the flowers—I could embrace  
The little fairy.

I'll go and meet her, yes, I'll go  
And whisper sweetly:  
"Dear heart, I love thee—yes—you know—  
Dear heart, I love thee so—and—so;"—  
I'll do it neatly.

Of course, her dreams are all of me,  
Her lord and master;  
She loves me well and worthily,  
"Sweet child, my soul flows down to thee,  
Each moment faster."

Ah!—there—she sees me—little dear—  
She's going to—thunder!  
"Say, John," she shouts, "these turnips here"—  
Alas! I dare not give to ear  
My shame and wonder.

G. E. M.

PICK



The Theatre of War.—THE

PICK.



The Latest Spectacular Tragedy.



THE MOURNFUL HISTORY  
OF A  
SPECTACULAR COMBINATION.

DEAR PUCK:

Have any of your readers ever heard of "Baba"?

He is not a mysterious demi-god, of ancient celebrity, fished out from some classic half musty volume—although he sounds like it.

He is only a spectacle.

He was played for a large number of nights at Niblo's Garden, in New York, and hundreds were turned away who came to see him.

He was one of our Centennial attractions, and he charmed with his glitter, his transformations and his Amazons.

But he was unfortunate. When he had run for a considerable length of time, he dropped, exhausted, all of a sudden, and that was the end of him in New York.

Nobody knew he was going to drop. It came all of a sudden. He fell all to pieces, and then everybody forgot that there ever was a "Baba."

That is the way of the world.

But one day—about a month ago—I read an announcement that a "Baba" Combination has been formed, and was going on the road. Suddenly, all his former fascinations came before my mind, and the interest I had taken in his career was revived. Again I pictured to myself those myriads of pink legs prancing about to Maretz's music, and being whipped out of the briny deep into rosy pavillions, without a moment's notice, by one of Sherwood's transformations.

I determined to post myself concerning his movements.

I learned he was to open in Philadelphia, and—bliss of blisses!—Minnie Palmer was to be the star in the rôle of *Amoret*.

So much the papers told me.

But there was an inward monitor that said, "Minnie may star in 'Baba,' for a week or two, but you can bet your life those little feet of hers aren't going to skip about the fairy grottoes much longer than that. That little soul of hers aspires beyond and above the spectacular!"

Well, that inward monitor may have been wrong, or it may have been right. At all events, Minnie Palmer has come back to town with her mother, and as she sighs the most delicious kind of a diminutive sigh and tells you of her journey, you feel what a delusion and a snare a "Baba" Combination is, after all.

The outside public, whose only thought of the drama is of its performance in payment for their admission fee, cannot realize the subtle agonies of a traveling combination.

I can. And I want them to learn to realize them through me.

The troupe opened in Philadelphia, and for several days the home of the Centennial was in a flutter of excitement; second only in wildness to the fever that had attended the great Exposition.

But Saturday came, as Saturday will come, and salaries came due, as salaries have a way of doing. But the excitement of the first few days had fled—the crowd that were to have thronged the box-office didn't throng any more, and the money that was to have been brought wasn't brought—and when several hundred palms were held forth open for salaries, when

salary day came, these several hundred palms were closed again without these salaries.

But Fairies cease to be Fairies, when they're not paid for it.

And Amazons don't march in burnished beauty, unless their pathway is strewn with dollars.

And Nubian slaves become more American in their English, when they clamor for wealth and clamor in vain.

And even these delightful beings, who balance themselves on their toes, with an incessant smile upon their faces, as though they hadn't a single other thought in the world, even they—think of it ye gods that wait on Poetry!—will not *pirouette* without pay!

But these votaries of art are but as unsophisticated children compared to the man who has music in his soul and lets it ooze out on his violin strings at so many dollars a night.

When he is not paid, his soul knows no mercy!

When the curtain had fallen on the second act of "Baba"—that salary-night—the Fairies and the Amazons, the Nubians and all the Pasha's train, clamored together on the stage—sighing in vain for absent gold.

But they were forbearing. "We will still perform," they said; "perhaps, the morrow will bring better cheer."

And the curtain rose on another act.

But the man who had music but no mercy in his soul—and he was several of them—would not play. "No bank-notes—no fiddle-notes!" they cried; and they deserted the orchestra and left the leader solitary, sad and dyspeptic, sitting on a high seat, wondering why he was ever born.

The stage-manager came forth and made a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he said. "you have come to see 'Baba.' 'Baba' is here ready for you to see him. Our musicians have seen 'Baba' so many times this week that they have got tired of the sight of him, and have asked you to excuse them. What shall we do? Give you more 'Baba,' with less music—or less 'Baba' with more music? You can have either; only if you want the latter, you've got to wait till some other night."

Then loud cries of "More Baba!" filled the air. The stage-manager bowed himself off the stage—and the solitary musician dropped his baton and took his fiddle.

And Minnie Palmer came on and sang those beautiful songs of Baba,

"I dream of power and honors rare," and many others, to the mournful accompaniment of a solitary violin.

But when the Amazons' march began, the gods awoke to a sense of their duty, and from the topmost roost of the Academy there came the most bewildering musical accompaniments the stage had ever known.

You should have heard how they cheered the Amazonians on their weary march to the tunes of "Hold the Fort!" "Mulligan Guards," "Where, oh, where is the bass-drummer gone?" and "The Girl I left Behind Me."

You would then have felt how sharper than the serpent's tooth it is to owe a lot of salaries.

But the curtain fell at last, and the audience left—and who else, do you think? Nubian slaves, with their stage-clothes on and their walking-suits under their arms, fully resolved, if all else failed, to dispose of the trappings and the suits of "Baba" at considerably less than cost.

From Philadelphia the combination went to Baltimore.

But havoc was on its track.

The unpaid musicians who had been left behind banded together and arranged an attack.

The New York printers, who had got up the most enticing of posters and the most seductive of streamers, but had been themselves the most

enticed and seduced of all sons of toil, arranged another scheme of vengeance.

And there was a third—but of this anon.

You wouldn't suppose that with such a white elephant on their hands as "Baba," the managers should want to invest money in a circus, would you?

Of course, you wouldn't.

But I'm told they did. Just imagine carting 'round so many thousand pounds of splendors, costing so many dollars a pound, and investing in trained ponies and frolicsome mules, as a sort of side-show on exhibition in another town.

It is a sad commentary on the decline of the drama. It shows a lack of appreciation of the charms of spectacle, and the neglect of histrionic genius.

Now, if the management hadn't gone in for circuses, "Baba" might have gone on triumphantly.

I don't know whether the managers expected the "Baba" troupe to jump through banners, and do trapeze acts, in addition to their regular work—just to economize—but at all events, when it was learned that the money that should have helped "Baba" on his way had been invested in a circus, the company began to talk of swindle—of sawdust swindle, in fact.

Minnie Palmer has a mother.

You may wonder why I should mention the fact, as it is nothing unusual for a young lady to have a mother. But you evidently are not acquainted with Mrs. Palmer.

She is as beautiful as her daughter. That's the pity of it. If she were old and terrible, instead of being young and charming, you might fire up into open rebellion, when it served your purpose; but I want to find the man, woman or child who has ever gathered from earth, air, or ocean, the courage to look into Mrs. Palmer's lustrous eyes, and put his, her or its foot down with an emphatic "I say, yes," when Mrs. Palmer has chosen to put her sweet foot down and whisper, "I say—no!" If I ever find that man, woman or child, I want his, her or its photograph. I shall frame it, hang it over my desk, and some day, when I wish to write a stirring ballad, full of daring deeds and reckless bravery, I shall scratch the little bald spot at the back of my head, and sit gazing at that picture until I become inspired.

Mrs. Palmer in repose and Mrs. Palmer in action are as unlike in beauty as a painted Venus and a Minerva in arms. I speak from personal experience.

I have worshipped at the shrine of her loveliness (by the courteous consent of Araminta), and I have quailed beneath her indignation.

But I shall do her the justice of declaring that her anger, even at its zenith, is so just, that it is your own fault if you do not bask eternally in the sunlight of her friendship.

Now Mrs. Palmer is apt to travel with Minnie. Mrs. Palmer did travel with Minnie, when Minnie traveled with "Baba."

I guess Manager McLoughlin wished she hadn't.

When Mrs. Palmer heard that a circus had stolen into the managerial heart which erstwhile had been occupied by the beauty of "Baba," it was too much for her—her eye flashed fire.

If the scenery hadn't been dipped into tungstate of soda before leaving New York, it would have come back to town in urns-full of ashes.

From the moment that Mrs. Palmer's eyes began to flash fire, the star of the Combination began to set.

Horror upon horror's head accumulated.

The deserted musicians from Philadelphia levied on the box-office.

The deluded printers got out an attachment.

And finally, the leading members of the company did the same.

Now an attachment on a box-office is a treacherous thing.

It differs from any other attachment. It is apt to turn art most terribly unprofitable.

The three combined attachments on that box-office found only \$3.80 to levy on.

Now I leave it to any disinterested citizen: what can a dozen hungry musicians, a printing office, and a company of spectacular artists do, with three dollars and eighty cents between them?

That was the end of "Baba."

Manager McLoughlin dodged behind a flat when he saw Mrs. Palmer coming towards him, and he wondered why such a "truly good man" as he should be placed in such a terrible plight. Then he kicked a super over the footlights for calling him "Uriah Heep," and wrote a letter to the *World*, telling how everything didn't happen the way it happened.

And the Nubian slaves went out to borrow enough money to get drunk on.

And everybody that could afford it came back to New York.

And all the rest did the best they could.

This is the sad history of the downfall of "Baba," as it has been told me.

I am sorry for "Baba;" but such things must happen as long as spectacles will be taken on the road without money.

Unspeculatively yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—Araminta says, the only thing she feels sorry about is that she didn't have a chance to see Minnie Palmer play *Amoret*; but I think Minnie can get over it.

S. D.

#### CURIOS ORIGIN OF TOWN NAMES.

**T**is now pretty well known that the names of American towns were generally acquired through some real or fancied characteristic of the locality, or some curious habits of their founders, though the literary men of this day are far too busy or indolent to explore the arcanas of the past, and ascertain the true origin of these familiar names. The result is, that we sometimes live in a town for generations without ever once thinking or inquiring as to the origin of the name so often on our lips, or we ignorantly attribute it to an English or aboriginal source.

Let us examine a few in the vicin' v of New York, for a moment's amusement and information:

"Albany" was originally called "Hare-leap," on account of the multitude of rabbits that frisked on the river-bank at that place, congregating there because water was easily accessible. Long before the French and Indian war, this had degenerated (through careless speech) to "Hairlip," which was found so unpleasant that it was changed, by act of the Legislature, to "All-bunny"—the inhabitants thus retaining an allusion to the great number of their favorites, the beautiful rabbits. "Albany" is a corruption, the result of vulgarity and economy concurring.

"Morrisonia" is a name which still carries within it, slightly disguised, a suggestion of the original depravity of the town. It was a small collection of disreputable houses when the great revivalist, Maffit, went through, and, in one of his sermons in the grove there, he declared that it was "More-a-sinner" than any other town along the shore. The dreadful designation became coined into a name, which the mortification of the people has gradually modified and softened into the current euphemism.

One of the stations on the New Haven road was originally called "Horse-neck." It was named in honor of Putnam's celebrated feat of dashing down the rocks there, clinging to his charger's mane. "Horse-neck" suited most people well enough, but the stuttering stage-driver, who carried the mail, an inquisitive and

even somewhat erudite man, investigated the notable event referred to, and came to the conclusion that the sex of the steed ridden by Putnam had been shamefully misrepresented. Being a man of sterling truth and integrity, he refused to call out "Horse-neck" any longer, but on coming in sight of the meeting-house would blow his horn, and shout with a stammering voice "M—mare-neck!" He was mocked by the boys, and playfully mimicked by the older people, till the present name of "Maramoneck" was put on the map.

There was once a shabby house on this same road, in which resided an old man who obtained a living by sitting on the roadside, and making jokes for pleasure-seekers who drove that way. His place became widely known as "The Poor Jester's," and so appeared on the early maps of Connecticut, when that State came down so as to include "Wry." Around the poor jester a small village grew up, and they adopted the name that had fastened itself on the place. But the lapse of almost two centuries has changed this "Poor Jester" to "Portchester," which the inhabitants probably think more dignified, especially as they have a very good jester in the *Journal*.

"New Rochelle" is also a corruption, having been originally called "Newer Shell," on account of the imaginary superiority of the conchological specimens at that point.

"Hastings" and "Tarrytown" were named by the sleighing parties, a hundred and fifty years ago, who went up the Bladensburg road, and who always hurried by the former place that they might remain and dance longer at the latter. The names have remained without change.

Another place which holds its own is "Catskill"—so named in consequence of the incredibly large feline population, and the sanguinary character of the human inhabitants on their midnight raids.

"Youngcurs" has been somewhat modified in the direction of the phonetic reform; but the characteristic for which it was most noted when dog-fighting was a leading sport of the Metropolis is plainly indicated, even in the present spelling.

"Tuckahoe" is called "an Indian name" in Bainbridge's History of New York, but it is in fact colloquial and idiomatic English. The report, that it belongs to an aboriginal language, arose from the fact that a reformed Indian was unwittingly the cause of its utterance at first. The Indian referred to had embraced religion, but declined to work; he would go fishing, beg, steal, sponge on the free-lunch counter, and sit on the cracker-barrel to the terror of the village-grocer. Seven years passed thus. Ho-ke-po was pious, but lazy. At last, to the joy of all, he asked for agricultural implements, and the one which he first laid his hand on, leaned against a fence where "Tuckahoe" now stands.

This generation is too thoughtless and frivolous. Young men ought to make a business of ferreting out the origin of town names. Too much valuable time is wasted on base-ball and croquet. If it were not for a few choice spirits like myself, much of the knowledge of the history of our own beloved land would perish forever.

W. A. CROFFUT.

CAN a "fossil party" be called a petri-faction?

"Is President Hayes our Moses?" asks the *Evening Telegram*. We don't know about Moses. He certainly had something of "a run" for the office, and the *Sun* says, he was not counted in quite Pharaoh.

#### Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

(Continued.)

**T**OM was again silent. "I say—pr'aps you can tell me who the young lady is!" exclaimed Gregory, glaring like a consumptive maniac.

"Well, I never told yeu a lie, sir, and I deu kneow, and I doan't like to tell yeou."

"Why?"

"It will make you angry, may-be."

"Curse me, Mr. Reynolds, you will tell me presently that I can't control my temper; perhaps you will say I am irritable, hey? Well, then, now who is that young lady?"

Tom said doggedly, "Her name is René Biron, and she is your granddaughter."

Gregory sprang from his chair, flung his rod in the water, and looked as though he would like to pitch Tom Reynolds after it; then he said,

"And pray who told you this?"

"A lot of people."

"Oh, it is the talk of the village?"

"Yes."

"Well—go on, stupid-head, talk! What the devil are you waiting for? Talk! Why haven't I seen them? Why weren't their cards sent up to me?"

"You must ask Master Fox. We are under his orders."

"That I will. Home! and look alive about it."

When M. de Gaillefontaine and Miss Biron called at the lodge in the afternoon, they were at once directed to walk up to the house.

M. de Gaillefontaine hummed a little tune of his own improvising as he thought over the task before him. He had heard sufficient to form a pretty accurate idea of the kind of man he was about to cope with, and he apprehended less from him than from René in the approaching interview. Had René been cunning or simple he would have feared nothing.

He ceased humming, cleared his throat, and said:

"In all likelihood we shall now at last see your grandpapa, Miss Biron. May I, so unworthy, so humble, presume to offer a suggestion?"

"I have none but you to guide me now," said René.

"This wide world is so cruel, so cold, so selfish, it is hard even for men with courage and strength and experience to live without enduring hardships and sights and cruelty. I would have you believe me. It is true."

"Ah, me! I know so much."

"You will think deeply how miserable it is to drudge for bread like the poor girls in that dress-factory at Gomarche, mademoiselle, where infants no older, no stronger than yourself worked until their faces were white, until their fingers bled, until all the smile left their faces. You will think of this?"

"Yes."

"Once in one thousand years it comes to a poor helpless child to make a fortune in half an hour. You will think that you are a helpless child, for, my faith, I find this morning I have only half a pound left in my pockets. We have found that this grandpapa, this esquire, this great Mr. Gregory Biron is not without love. He cherished for nineteen years the son of your father's brother, and that brother was no less disobedient than your father. He loved that Mr. Huhges."

"And then hated him, and turned him from his doors without one penny."

"Yes, and why?" asked Mr. de Gaillefon-

taine eagerly; "because Mr. Hughes was what you call saucy."

"He was independent."

"Yes, it is true. He could sell pictures. But he was not saucy until he could sell pictures. May I suggest, mademoiselle, that until you can be independent you shall not be saucy? We can see that this gentleman is proud of his finest house, of his finest garden, of his longest and straightest road, this which we walk on. He will likewise be vain to point to the most beautiful young woman in the world and say, "This is my finest granddaughter."

René nodded assent. She knew she was beautiful. Girls learn that before they are sixteen. M. de Gaillefontaine continued:

"But you will remember that this man is old, he is a widower, an eccentric. He will say disagreeable things, he will not at all be what you expect, and you will not be saucy to him, because he is old and cannot understand what he says; and you will be warm to him because he is cold to you—that is your holy duty. And you will not contradict the things I may say. Remember it is an insult to providence if you do not assist yourself to the gift she offers."

René did not answer. The advice seemed to be unnecessary. It was impossible that she could take offence at anything the father of her father said. She had in her possession a handkerchief and a watch-ribbon that had belonged to Roger Biron—they were the only souvenirs she could retain—and if those mute relics were dear to her, how much more would she love one in whose voice or manner there must be something to remind her of her father! She yearned for something to love, for some one on whom to expend the affection that generated in her young heart. She looked forward to meeting Gregory Biron with feelings far different from those of M. de Gaillefontaine.

When the door opened, and the thin white-haired old man entered the drawing-rooms into which the visitors had been ushered, she rose instinctively and looked eagerly for some suggestion of her father, and then she quietly sank into her chair, dull, disappointed.

Gregory bowed coldly to the two and addressed himself to M. de Gaillefontaine, after bidding Mr. Fox, who had entered the room like a dragged hound, to go and stand in the light, where he might be seen.

"My name is Gregory Biron; that is Mr. Fox; your name is, I think, Gaillefontaine?"

"It is true, and I am your obedient servant."

"I will ask you to explain the object of your visit and the circumstances which led to it as briefly as possible. Until this morning I was unaware of your existence."

"Impossible!" cried M. de Gaillefontaine, in astonishment.

"You will do me the justice, if you please, to believe that I deal only with absolute truths. When I say that you are unknown to me, I state the fact and not an impossibility."

M. de Gaillefontaine drew an elaborate case bound with mother-of-pearl from his bosom, and presented a couple of letters to Mr. Biron. He read them through, and turned to Mr. Fox.

"These are of your writing?"

Mr. Fox regretted to say they were the unhappy means by which he had endeavored to spare his respected employer annoyance and—Gregory checked him.

"That will do, hold your tongue. This man, my secretary, intercepted your letters and answered them to further his own mercenary ends; and I suppose you have come from France with some such motive."

M. de Gaillefontaine rose from his seat, thrust his hand in his bosom, and said,

"Sir, I am poor—"

"Of course you are, or you would not have troubled yourself to come here. Sit down."

M. de Gaillefontaine did not sit down; he took his hat from the side-table, and said,

"I am poor, but I have the pride of a gentleman and a chevalier of France, and I have also the heart of a man. I have come from France seeking an engagement, and I have come here to bring your son's child to you. It has been my pleasure to have the company of so sweet a young miss; my recompense to know that I was protecting her from insult. And now, mister, I leave her to your care."

"You are not going to leave the girl here?" said Gregory incredulously.

"Undoubtedly. You will do me the honour to believe of me that I also speak absolute truth."

"Curse your impudence! Leave the girl here, whether I choose to say she shall stay or not?"

"It has been said of me by an eminent Englishman that I know the language of England better than many educated natives; but I must own I know little of your law. Yet I believe it is not for you to choose in this matter; you must support your helpless grandchild. And, ma foi, where shall I leave her if not here? In your streets, to get her living there? I thank my God I am too poor for such heartlessness!"

"Leave the room, Fox. What are you standing there for, with your long ears stuck out?" Gregory had not anticipated the turn things were taking. "And now, Monsieur de Gaillefontaine, what do you propose doing?"

"I propose leaving you, mister, and you also, my poor little cabbage. But first I would have you regard the child, sir, to be assured she is your granddaughter by the likeness she bears your son."

"I will not dispute the point, and I do not desire to see in any one a trace of my son. He was an ungrateful hound!"

René sprang to her feet, and cried,

"He was nothing of the kind. He was the sweetest, kindest, dearest father that ever lived, that ever died, and I will not stay with you, I will earn my living!" She turned to Gaillefontaine. "You told me that if this man would not help me you would. What can I do?"

M. de Gaillefontaine heaved a deep sigh and shook his head.

"I thought at one time," said he mournfully, "that you might obtain the engagement of a teacher at a school: it was rash; I did not then know how imperfectly you speak the English. No, you have only your wonderful beauty to recommend you. Mr. Blake—he is a good man, he will let you serve porter-beer perhaps; if not, I see nothing for it but to let you accept the offer of my friend in Leicester Square, of the Alhambra. You must be a figurante."

"What? a barmaid at a public-house, a ballet-girl at the Alhambra! Good heavens! a Biron, my grandchild! Surely you will not disgrace your family!"

"Mister, you think of yourself, not of this poor child. Why should not she think also of herself, and not of you? Does she owe you one farthing? No, thank God; it is to the kind Mr. Fox she is indebted fifty pounds."

Gregory Biron started to his feet and began pacing the room, talking as he walked, disconnectedly, passionately. At length he said,

"You are too clever by half, Monsieur Gaillefontaine; I am not to be bullied and coerced into things. I made up my mind when I heard of this affair that I would adopt the girl, if only to have some one to leave my money to; and if you had behaved submissively I should have proposed to do that which you now compel me to do with a bad grace. An English gentleman won't be thwarted. I thought we had given you that lesson at Waterloo. Undoubtedly I would have left the girl my money, but for your excessive bounce, Mr. Frog. As it is, I shall take her, of course—"

(To be continued.)

## EUROPE BECKONS TO AMERICANS WHO CAN BE SPARED.

While Europe, breathless, stands and waits,  
And war in every rumor lurks,  
'Tis not too late for Sergeant Bates  
To go and join the Turks.

—*New York Com. Adv.*

And even when war's harsh alarms  
Resound, time ample will remain  
For Wendell Phillips to take arms  
And join the Russian train.

—*Boston Globe.*

Let Mary Walker fly with speed  
To don her pants and gulp her tea,  
And mount a hungry mule and lead  
The Austrian cavalry.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

And ere is reached the Danube blue  
By forty thousand Turks, or more,  
Let G. F. Train, and Pinchback too,  
With Servians wade in gore.

—*Norristown Herald.*

Let Dr. Landis join the Turks,  
And let us hope that—*Sic tyrannis!*  
While storming on the Russian works  
He'll meet the Count Joannes.



## Puck's Exchanges.

THIS is about the time of year that the average young man determines to turn over a new leaf, ambition stirs his heart, and he resolves to do things that will redound to his credit. Then his very first act is to go to some unsuspecting tailor, and strive to obtain credit for a new spring suit.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

AMONG the Pueblo Indians, when a girl wishes to marry, she tells her father what young man she wants, and the father of the young man, if he accepts, must pay for the loss of the bride. In the Pueblo almanac every year must be a leap-year. Paying for the bride may appear to be the most difficult part of the ceremony, but as you can buy a wild-eyed Pocahontas for an old blanket, a broken-bladed knife, and a red cotton handkerchief, the strain on the old man's pocket-book is not so fearful after all.—*Exchange.*

NOTHING breaks down a man's faith in human nature and the merciful dispensation of things so much as to fit up the spare room just beautifully with a new bed, Eastlake paper, Brussels carpet and a Spitz dog, and advertise a "furnished room to let, with board," and count on having about sixty dollars a month out of that room, and then the very next day have these country relations come in with a pillow-slip full of gnarly apples to stay three weeks.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE ten-year old boy that won't sell his mother's three-dollar brass kettle for enough money to purchase a twenty-five-cent circus-ticket, either lacks courage and experience or has no taste for high-toned amusements.—*Norristown Williams.*

THERE was a serious panic in a St. Louis theatre last week. While the audience was engaged in undergoing the third act of a tragedy, the building was suddenly shaken as if by the concussion of an earthquake. The audience rushed out of it in the greatest confusion, several serious accidents taking place, and were joined in the streets by many of the neighbors, who had also experienced and been terrified by the shock. Much excitement prevailed and curiosity as to its cause was manifested; some asserting that it was an earthquake, and others that the nitro-glycerine factory had blown up. On investigation, however, it proved that a newly-married couple, the bride being one of the most beautiful girls of St. Louis, though somewhat impulsive of disposition, living in the next block, had had a little tiff, and that the lady had put her foot down.—*Chicago Tribune*.

ONE of last week's illustrated newspapers had a startling picture of Miss Kate Claxton in the act of sliding head-foremost down the stairs of the St. Louis Hotel. The sketch was taken by a special artist who happened to be on the spot at the time. Never having been an observer of Miss Kate in her specialty of sliding down stairs, we are unprepared to state as to the correctness of the scene. We are confident, however, that if Miss Claxton sees that picture, she will prefer, the next time her life is in danger to slide down the railing, or else put out the lights and the artists.—*Elmira Gazette*.

THAT joke about catching Sitting Bull-dozing is supposed to have originated somewhere about Indian-nap-olis.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

THE Pulaski *Democrat* advises people to carefully scan each 1877 twenty-five cent silver-piece before they take it, for it is likely to be counterfeit. Inasmuch as the average human is unable to tell a good piece from a bad one, and if he could is likely to take it for the sake of passing it on some one who has kicked his dog, the *Democrat* man's advice, though good, is destined to be fruitless.—*Fulton Times*.

ONE would suppose that, down in Louisiana, with plenty of Nicholls and Pack-cards, they might at least play a game of draw.—*Puck*.

Yes—provided they retire to the "ante"-room.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

OUR forefathers were contented to spread their frugal repast upon the bare bark that they stripped from the forest trees; but the aristocracy of to-day not only insists upon having a \$16.00 extension table, but stick up their noses if poverty compels them to use a sheet for a table-cloth.—*Fulton Times*.

ST. LOUIS claims a population of over half-a-million. Now, Chicago!—*Boston Post*. Well, almost everybody knows that two-thirds of the half-million are Chicago men who have gone down there to negotiate the purchase of St. Louis for a cranberry patch.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THERE once was a little upstart, O,  
Said "tomato" instead of "tomato;"  
But it made his pa grieve,  
And he said "I'd as lieve  
Hear you call a potato "potato."  
—*Boston Advertiser*.

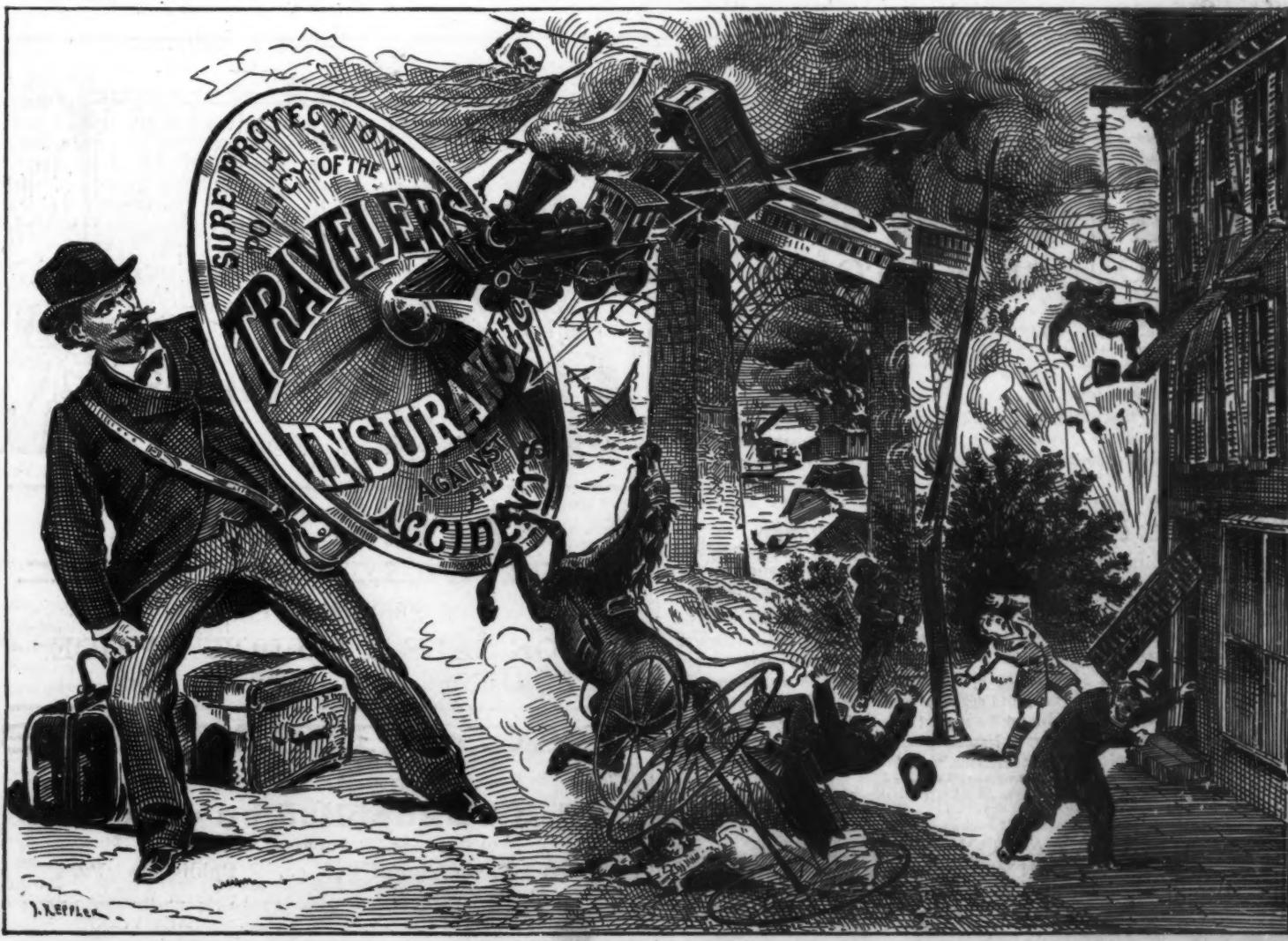
KAISER WILHELM is upwards of eighty, but the Crown Prince, Unser Fritz, has to be mighty spry to get in the first kick at a book-agent or lightning-rod man, when the old gentleman is about the premises.—*Galveston News*.

WHEN you see the very same red-nosed man who button-holed you to sign the pledge at a temperance meeting coming out of a beer saloon about nine A. M., with a smiling expression and wiping his mouth, it isn't proof positive of anything wrong, to be sure; but it's what you'd call a clear case of circumstantial evidence against him.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

KAISER WILHELM OWNS so many honorary medals and marks of decoration, that when he wants to wear them all at one time he has to put some of them on another man, his own coat not having acreage enough to contain them all, and he won't stick them on his trousers, for fear they will get under him when he goes to sit down. This news comes over by cable, and if it is not true it is not our fault.—*Norristown Herald*.

SUCH is the force of habit. It is said Mr. Tilden, on arising, even now goes to the open window to hear if his country calls, and then, with a smothered sigh, begins to pull his shirt on over his head.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE drug-clerk has to be on duty seventeen hours a day, and if he now and then happens to sell somebody strychnine for magnesia, the Recording Angel puts it down "magnesia."—*Exchange*.



WHEN a new pedestrian makes her *debut*, the Boston newspapers call it "bounding from sedentary obscurity into the arena of peripatetic celebrity." If a tramp with an empty stomach should be hit by a cold potato, they would doubtless refer to the occurrence as the impingement of an athermal, esculent, farinaceous tuber upon the victim's stomachic vacuity.—*Worcester Press*.

THE Springfield *Republican* thinks the Indian should be "harnessed to the plough." The idea is a good one. The deep voice of the stalwart farmer, shouting: "Whoa, back, gee, Feeble-bear-with-a-sarcastic-expression," and: "Back, now, Crow-with-a-sawbuck-on-both-arms", would be sweet, rustic music to mingle with the lowing of the distant Durham bull.—*Courier-Journal*.

THE kind and gentle breeze that fans our cheek, and moves the timid violet to our notice, is the same power that lifts the coat-tail of the youth of the land, and betrays a light-colored patch set in the seat of a black pair of pants—a monument to remind us of a mother's love and the hard times.—*Fulton Times*.

"GENTLEMEN of leisure taking sun-baths," is the title by which corner-loafers are to be henceforth distinguished.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

AN exchange thinks that women are equal in point of endurance to men, but until women demonstrate their ability to undergo the fatigue of chewing a toothpick on a corner half the day and sit up playing billiards all night, the question hardly seems worthy of argument.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

WHAT we can't make out is why the best clergymen in the world frequently lose their voices from exposure to night air, while a cat never does.—*Rome Sentinel*.

"WOMAN shot at a colored ball," says an exchange; but we are left in the dark as to whether she hit it or not.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

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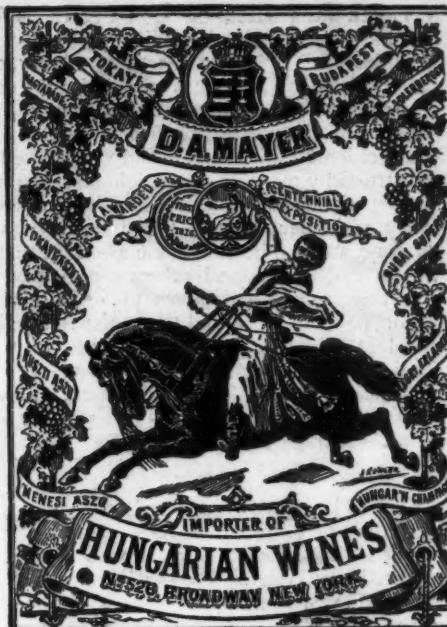
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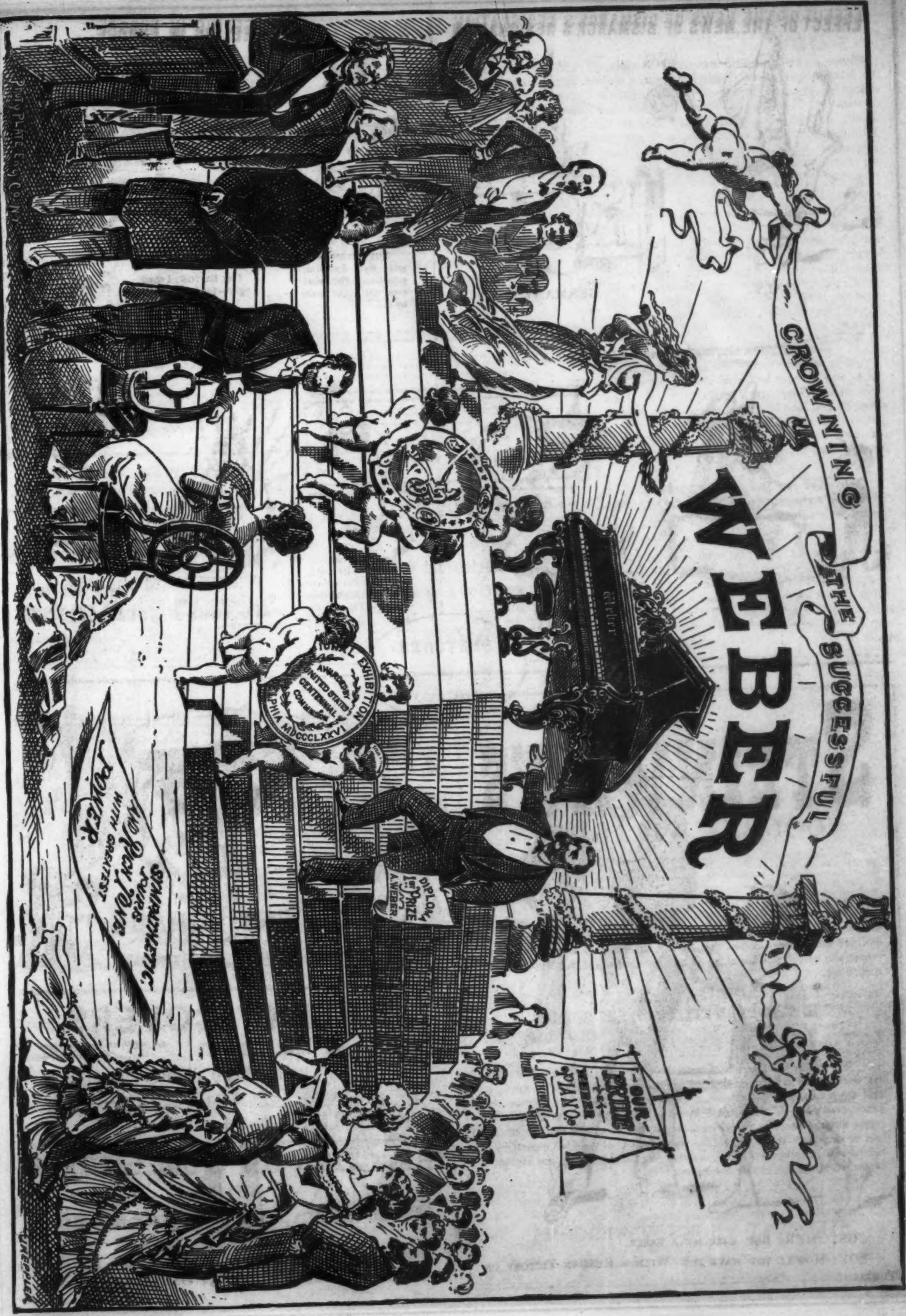
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THE GERMAN: I shall fight—for India.

THE TURK: What else can I do? I've got to fight!



FRANCE.

RUSSIA.



THE FRENCHMAN: If he sits still and does nothing—I'll do the same.

THE GERMAN: I can afford to take it easy and keep cool.

THE AUSTRIAN: Oh, if it were only over!

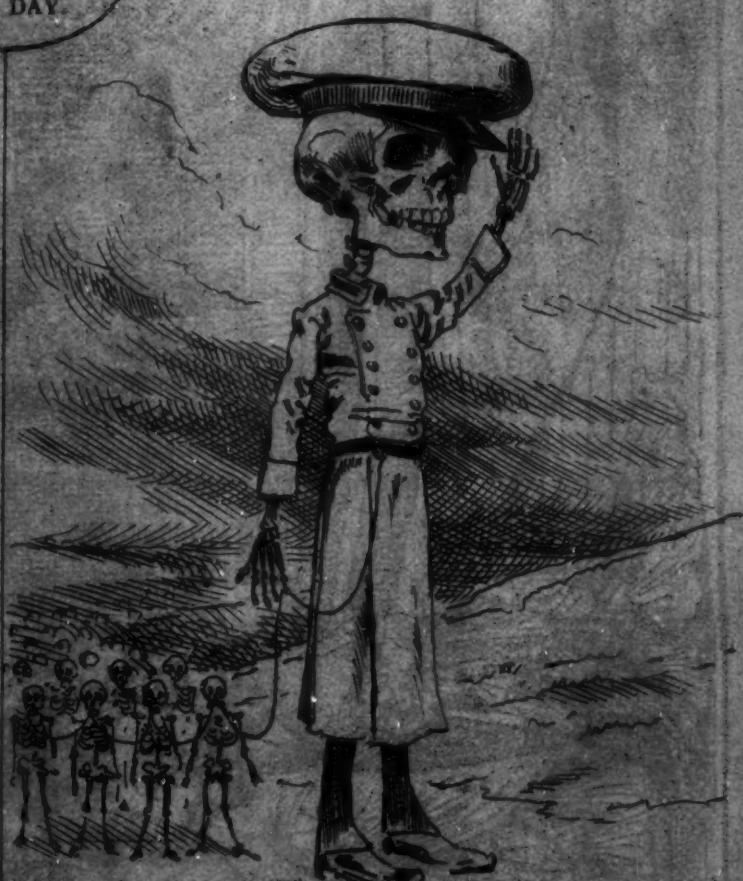
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OF  
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